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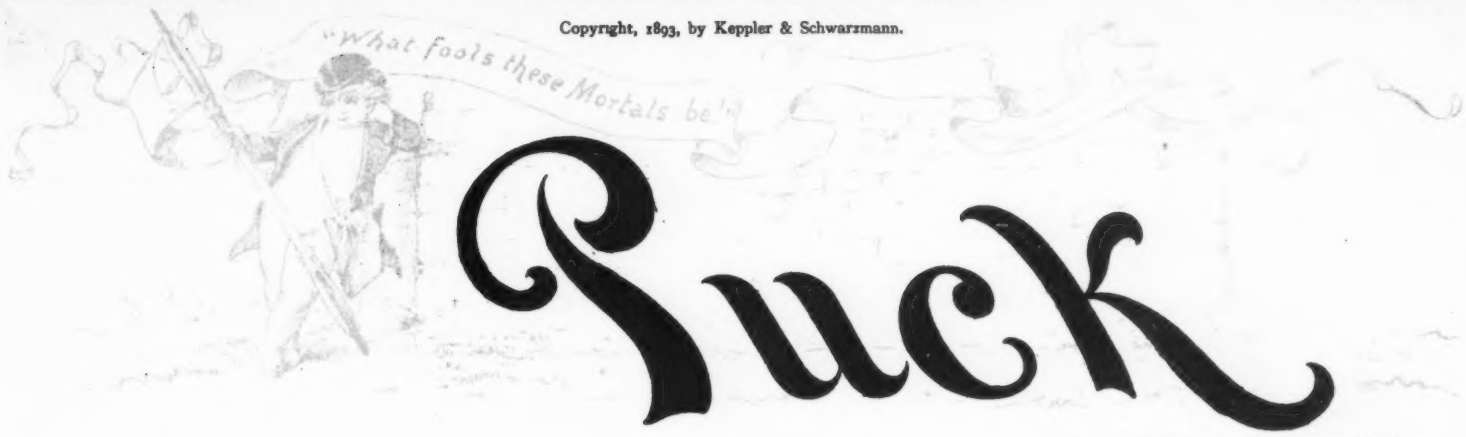

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A FINAL AUTOPSY.

VERDICT — DIED FROM SWALLOWING AN UTTERLY INDIGESTIBLE OBJECT.

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year.
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Keppler & Schwarzmann,
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Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 15th, 1893. — No. 832.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

ONE OF our happy American tendencies is to acquire a small stock of vague, general and picturesquely inexact information of small countries outside of our home circle. A large proportion of us know the Hawaiian Islands to have been ruled over by a savage Queen, and to be the home of volcanos, Kanakas, leprosy and Claus Spreckels. Now that the map of the United States seems not unlikely to be amended by the addition of these islands, we shall doubtless hasten to perfect our working knowledge of their resources and peculiar value. And, when we come to make this study, we shall note this truth of striking significance: that if it were feasible to build coaling stations out in the ocean at points where Nature had neglected to provide the customary facilities, we should doubtless have selected the location of these islands as one advantageous site; and a government contractor would long since have begun a life of easy affluence upon the proceeds of the work. The spot might have been a few degrees to the east or west, but it would probably have occupied that familiar point of nearness which American idiom renders as "right around there some place." And, after the coaling station had been built, we would have perceived its value as a strategic point, and thereupon, with becoming frankness, we would have accused ourselves of foresight.

* * *

We heartily commend Nature's smartness in locating these islands, even though the time may not yet be ripe for us to collaborate with her in taking them under our starred and striped wing. While reasons for and against such a move marshal themselves with equal and imposing facility, here are a few points of which we may feel assured: The Hawaiian Islands are nearer to us than any other. We are the only great nation that does n't own land on the Pacific Ocean. Our time-honored policy of acquiring no territory beyond our "natural" boundary does not suffer from discreet violation. Mr. Seward proved this when he went shopping in Russia and bought Alaska; and Texas and California were regarded as aliens, not so very long ago. We have extended a fatherly care to Hawaii for fifty years, and so it seems right and consistent that we should listen to her request for a more personal protection.

* * *

Above all, our deliberations should be marked by a complete disregard of minor and extraneous influences; one of which is the fact that some sugar planters in the islands hold stock which would be bulled by annexation. It seems cruelly unjust to the private Many that a private Few should profit directly by such a course, but a good, reliable National Policy that knows its business, won't bother its head about such small matters. We must also effectually and persistently ignore the characteristic attitude of Great Britain in this matter, even though in doing so we rudely affront a great many people who belong to what Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has recently called "the colonial survival." By this phrase Mr. Roosevelt designates a certain class of Americans (by birth) who have not yet got it clearly into their heads that this country has passed its experimental stage as a nation, and has, for sometime past been able to assume a separate and equal station among the other powers of the world. It is a class noisy out of all proportion to its character, influence or value. We heard it protesting two years ago that the United States was not fit to have a World's Fair all by itself; and now we hear the same little set of people shrilly crying out that the United States is not grown-up enough to indulge in a real, live, adult annexation of an ocean island.

* * *

Lord Salisbury would doubtless say, with a cold, haughty stare, which would mask a wistful yearning, that such an act would be a most indelicate offence against good taste; and the gruesome colonials, reviewing Great Britain's traditional sensitiveness in the matter of stray islands and continents, and fearful of writhing under the British sneer, would call it "bad form" and "positively low;" and possibly they might even refer to the land of their birth as a vulgar cad of an upstart. In a more specific way they would assert that our policy won't allow it, you know. Well, it's time that our policy was "let out," or that we should be measured for a new and larger one; not a dress-suit policy, but one that will wear well every day, and allow us to expand with comfort. After that we should n't be bothered by these growing pains. To those whose sympathy may go out to Lord Salisbury in his possible distress we can only say that the annexation of Hawaii would be anglomania, pure and simple. By taking a good thing when we can get it, we only pay a delicate tribute to the worthy English idea of good form. So, if it be found wise to put a few more pages of United States into the geography book, we shall order it done; and the order will be carried out with that promptness and efficiency which have secured respect for American decrees in the past.

"MADE IN FRANCE,"—

MR. H. C. BUNNER'S *new series of short stories,— will be continued in the next number of* PUCK.

CABINET MAKING.

"I THINK," says Binks, the Congressman,
"That it would be a first-rate plan
To choose for Secret'ry of State
A man of more than local weight—
John G. Carlisle or J. P. Gray,
Or William Whiffkins, down my way—
How 's that, Mr. Cleveland?"

"I think," says Winks, the Senator,
"A Western man is wanted more.
You take a man like George G. Vest
To represent the South and West;
But if the choice were left to me,
I 'd choose my friend, M'Gruddery—
How 's that, Mr. Cleveland?"

Then Inks, the editor, spoke out:
"They 're first-rate names, beyond a doubt
But for the War portfolio,
You want a man from Ohio,
And John A. Whillikens would be
Of all the state the choice for me—
How 's that, Mr. Cleveland?"

Upspoke the party sage, Judge Jinks,
Says he, "I 'll tell you what I thinks.
I 've heard some talk of Whitney's name,
And I don't say he ain't no claim.
But next to him there 's only one—
My partner, Boombust Ferguson—
How 's that, Mr. Cleveland?"

And Cleveland sot and sot and sot,
He might have spoke as well as not;
But not one single word he said,
Nor op'ed his large and level head.
I think he 'll do about what 's best,
And I 'm content to let it rest.—
"How 's that, Mr. Cleveland?"

A REFLECTION HE HAD OVERLOOKED.

CUTTER COATES *(in his most facetious vein, to* CUSTOMER*).*— Mr. Dresser, you are certainly indulging in a great number of reflections.

NATTY DRESSER.—Yes; these combination mirrors make this suit look like sixty.

A CHILLY HINT.

MR. LEIGHTON LAYTER *(after a long pause)*.— It was snowing when I came in.
MISS BETTY NEVERGOSE *(yawning)*.— Indeed! It must be quite deep by this time.

PROFESSIONAL AND OTHERWISE.

BERKELEY LENOX.— I want your advice, old man, in regard to my dispute with Brown.

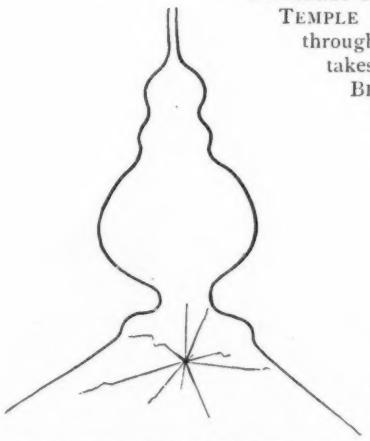
TEMPLE COURT.— As a lawyer, or as a friend?

BERKELEY LENOX.— Well, as a lawyer.

TEMPLE COURT.— Sue him, and carry it through every Court in the State, if it takes your last penny.

BERKELEY LENOX.—And as a friend?

TEMPLE COURT.— Why, drop it, my dear fellow; drop it. It 's not worth bothering about.



THE FIRST AND LAST ATTEMPT.

Jimmy bought a pair of skates,
And for to skate he tried;
But after making tracks like these
He thinks he 'd better slide.

HIS MAIN SUPPORT.

"Who supports Du Rant in his great character of *Hamlet?*"

"His wife."

"I did n't know she was an actress."

"She is n't. She 's wealthy."

SPECIFYING THE KIND.

"The preacher got in some good licks this morning, did n't he?" asked Riggs.

"Yes; and prolix, too," replied Griggs.

WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

TEACHER.— Who was Diogenes?

TOMMY TRADDELLS.— Please, Ma'am; he was a celebrated Englishman.

"How in the world did you get that impression?"

"Why, he was so fond of his tub!"

AN UNKIND INSINUATION.

"I like to sit before a fire and write," said the Poet.

"Yes; it must be pleasant for a manufacturer to have a consumer constantly before him," returned the Cynic.

IF YOUR DRESS was your next-door neighbor it could n't talk about you more than it does.

STICK TO YOUR vocation. Many a man who has no more sense of humor than a church organ has ruined a life-long friendship by trying to be funny.

A RECIPE.

Your friend neglects to write, you say.
Here 's a suggestion subtle.
Try criticism! You will get
Ten pages of rebuttal!

Dorothea Lummis.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

MRS. LAFFERTY.— Oi was a big fool to marry yez, so Oi was. If it was n't for me ye 'd shtarve to death.

MR. LAFFERTY *(haughtily)*.— Don't be so stuck-up, Mrs. Lafferty. Yez need n't t'ink dthere air no other fools in dthis wor-r-rld besides yersilt.

THE NAIL OF FORTUNE.

THERE WAS once upon a time a very ambitious actor who was likewise a most painstaking and conscientious artist. Despite the fact that a triumph in his art was his most cherished dream, it often seemed to him that his fondest hopes must finally be blasted, and, so to speak, rudely scattered to the four winds of an unhappy destiny.

The public refused to acknowledge his great histrionic ability, and his heart was crushed when he finally had to descend from the sublime region of Tragedy to the humbler one of Comedy.

If he could succeed in Comedy, he would then be in a strong position to essay Tragedy once more. But, as Fate would have it, he was no more successful pleasing the playgoers in Comedy than he had been in Tragedy. In his dire rage he said one day, while hovering about Union Square:

"When I go upon the boards again, I will take the public at its own intellectual valuation.

Accordingly, having effected an alliance with a farce-comedy company, he put burnt cork upon his face, and attired himself in a suit of clothing sufficiently capacious for three men of his size. He then regaled the audience with a joke or two, and followed with a song and a story, no two things having the slightest relevance to each other.

Besides this he did some horse play, the most notable part of which consisted in an ingenious and original method of keeping his great baggy trousers in position. He frequently borrowed a pin from the leader of the orchestra, with which to fasten the waistband of his trousers to his collar. But none of the pins appeared to have the required strength to perform the desired function. Yet the people applauded the actor as he had never been applauded before.

In fact, their kindly appreciation of his efforts made him disgusted with himself; for their warm, hilarious endorsement of him as a burnt-cork comedian caused him to have some respect for their sincerity when they failed to appreciate him when he essayed the difficult field of Tragedy.

But his greatest act was yet to come. All the pins having failed, he walked boldly to the footlights, and asked the leader of the orchestra:

"Have you a nail about you?"

The leader of the orchestra replied in the negative, whereupon the actor acquainted the audience with his determination to nail his trousers into position, and proceeded to find a nail on the floor. Then placing the nail in position, he suddenly pulled a hatchet from his pocket, and nervously drove the nail through his waistband to the head, the point in reality going into a piece of board ingeniously arranged to receive it. The applause was long and deafening, and the actor was obliged to drive several extra nails home, before the delighted audience would allow him to retire.

Afterward in his dressing-room he thus soliloquized:

"I have this night learned a great commercial lesson: 'give a man just what he wants, and you are sure of pecuniary success.'"

Yet his success has its parallel in every line of art and business.

A retired manufacturer of tomato-cans determines to celebrate his prosperity by having a picture painted of the land upon which the factory stands, that he may look upon it in his city dining-room, and ever be associated in spirit with the scene of his triumph.

The tomato-can manufacturer takes a painter to the spot, and tells him that he will pay him fifteen hundred dollars for a picture of the place. The painter is overjoyed at such a golden opportunity, and immediately selects a point from which to paint the picture.

"But the factory can not be seen from here," remarks the owner.

"I have succeeded in finding a way of omitting the factory."

"But the factory is what I desire most," replies the owner, who remembers that he has made a fortune out of it.

"But the factory is gross and inartistic," says the painter.

"But — I — want — you — to — paint — the — factory — for — fifteen — hundred — dollars," replies the owner.

The owner wants a picture of the factory, and the painter wants the fifteen hundred dollars, so the latter submissively puts his artistic pride in his pocket; or, in other words, he pulls from his pocket the hatchet of business and drives the nail of fortune into his stomach.

It is the same way with the writer. He offers a publisher a volume of poems or essays, and the publisher declines them respectfully.

"But are they not artistic and full of literary quality?"

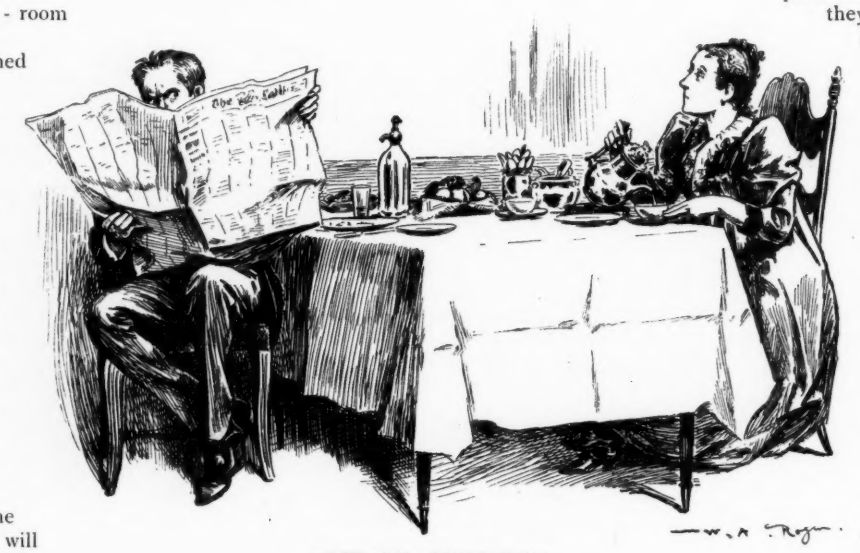
"They are," replies the publisher, "and that is why we do not want them. We simply offer the public what the public want, not what we appreciate ourselves. About twenty years ago, when we were inexperienced, we printed some books of real merit, without success. We found that blood-and-thunder and milk-and-water are the only things the public yearns for, and we humbly acknowledged the fact by driving the nail into our stomach. Give us a good border romance or a boarding-school love story and we shall be glad to examine it."

So the writer, with all his dreams of fame rudely shattered, and a dry-goods store staring him in the face as the alternative, quickly drives the nail into *his* stomach and sells the publisher a novel entitled "Pretty Pouting Patty."

Even the clergyman is not always a stranger to the nail of fortune. He has a good living and is on the best of terms with his congregation. It would not be in harmony with his ideas of brotherly love to say anything in the pulpit that would ruffle the serene spirit of any one. He knows that there are before him many merchants and brokers, so he says nothing about the questionable tactics of business; he says very little upon the evils of speculation. He finds it consistent with his mundane welfare to stroke his congregation with the grain. He preaches them the kind of sermons they enjoy, and he does not make them too long — he steps into line with the painter, the poet and the actor, and hammers the nail into his stomach.

The successful man of to-day in any business is he who carries a hatchet in one pocket and a nail in the other. The men who have been eminently successful in every line, have been the men who have given the public what it wanted; and as a result they live in the public heart. They are perpetuated in marble in many a park and pantheon, and their success is a matter of history. But the secret of their success should be impressed upon growing generations, by delineating each of these worthies with a hatchet in one hand and a nail in the other, to show that they attained their eminence by hitting the nail of fortune on the head, and driving it swiftly and surely into the stomach.

R. K. Munkittrick.



ALWAYS UNLUCKY.

MRS. LOSER.—I hope you never play cards for money?
MR. LOSER *(with a groan)*.—No, darling; *never!*

DUST-PROOF — A Bank-book.

THE REVIVALIST makes a mistake when he thinks he can lift other people up by running his past self down.

WHY NOT?

IF THE BARBERS WOULD START A FASHION LIKE THIS, IT WOULD RELIEVE THE MONOTONY OF OUR HIRSUTE APPENDAGES.

By F. M. HOWARTH.

MR. ABELE.

MR. BROWN.

MR. COOK.

MR. DENNIS.

MR. ELVERSON.

MR. HAPGOOD.

MR. IVINS.

MR. KEYSER.

MR. MURPHY.

MR. OTTO.

MR. QUILTER.

MR. TAYLOR.

MR. UPWRIGHT.

MR. VINCENT.

MR. WILCOX.

MR. XIQUES.

MR. YERKES.

TABLE TALK.

"I 'm the unluckiest dog alive," said the Cayenne; "somebody 's always shaking me down and leaving me in the soup."

"That 's just what makes me hot," retorted the Consommé.

"You may think you are better than I am," said the larger portion of the Steak to the Tenderloin; "but I don't know any one that gets cut out oftener than you do."

"Though I have no reputation for brilliancy," the Clam observed, "even my detractors will admit that I know how to keep my mouth shut."

"There 's the Water Bottle full again," said the Tumbler enviously. "I wish I had part of its load!"

Then the Waiter came along and it got it.

"You need n't assume that I-am-holier-than-thou air," growled the Rochefort to the Schweitzer; "everybody knows you are not up to my tone."

"I know you are all on to me," admitted the Table Cloth; "even the Napkin seems to be in the ring; but if you won't slop over about it there is no danger of my becoming stuck up."

A. D. T. ETHICS.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY.— Dat young 2179 's a disgrace to our purfession!

SECOND MESSENGER BOY.— Wha' did he do?

FIRST MESSENGER BOY.— Wy', de elevator of one of de big buildin's was stuck fur about half an hour, de oder day, an' he goes an' walks up t'ree flights instead of waitin' for it!

WELL EQUIPPED.

VISITOR. — What is that great crowd of students assembled in that hall? One of the college societies, I presume?

COLLEGE MAN. — Oh, no; that 's a meeting of the Board of Editors of our college paper.

IT WOULD N'T BURN.

JACKSON PARK. — How do you do, Pat? how are you getting along in your new business?

PAT. — Forst sthrate; but how do yez loike me new foire proof safe?

JACKSON PARK. — All right; but how do you know it is fire proof?

PAT. — Faith, did n't I thry it wid a match before Oi bought it!

A HOPE.

"Our old family servant, Norah, is dead," said Mrs. Farrissy.

"And in Heaven, I hope," said the visitor.

"I hope so, too; because I expect to go there, myself, and servants like Norah are scarce anywhere."

THRILLING.

MAUD *(rapturously)*. — Don't you love to see Mrs. de Vorcée act?

ALICE. — Indeed I do! It 's lovelier than high tea.

HOME AND ABROAD.

For dollars, not for glory, we
In enterprises bold embark,
While in scholastic Germany
The humblest strives to make his mark.

John Ludlow.

LOOKING FORWARD.

MR. BIGROLL *(examining plans for his new house)*. — What kind of doors do you call those?

ARCHITECT. — Great idea, my dear sir — you 've heard, I suppose, that crinolines are coming in again next season!

HIS LAST JOKE.

The dying wit jocosely gave
Instructions that this line should show
Upon the shaft raised o'er his grave:
"Man wants but little *here below*."

John Ludlow.

FAME.

"Now, Johnny," said the French History teacher, "tell me what you know of Marshal Ney."

"He was a bald man what wrote funny articles for newspapers," said Johnny.

SWIFT JUSTICE NEEDED.

WAGNER CARR.—Here 's a frightful thing! Some fiend has introduced a piano-playing contest into the ranks of competitive efforts. Wonder what prizes are given?

F. ALLEN ANGELL.—The prizes should be places in the heavenly choir. And they ought to be awarded at once.

A SEMITIC LULLABY.

MRS. LOANSTEIN.—"Buy-low, my baby."

THE COMPANIONS.

Quoth Riches grand,
"I 've wings, you know.
So, hand in hand
We can not go."

"But, friend of mine,
I have," said Cupid, "wings as fine
As ever flew!"

"Why, so you have!"
Quoth Riches grand;
And now they travel hand in hand.

Philander Johnson.

AN OLD-TIMER.

FOREMAN.—Is this number, 1100, on this paragraph, the number of the cut that goes with it?

EDITOR OF ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.—No; that 's the date of the joke.

NATURALLY FITTED FOR IT.

KEEPER *(showing* VISITOR *through the asylum)*.—Oh, yes; his case is hopeless—and yet he earns over a hundred dollars a week.

VISITOR.—Earns it! How?

KEEPER.—He invents all the new parlor games for evening parties.

ROUGH ON THE ARCHITECT.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—Is this a good, solid, well-builded house?

OWNER.—I should say so; it 's a four-thousand-dollar house.

PROSPECTIVE TENANT.—And why should it be good on that account?

OWNER.—Because it cost eight thousand dollars.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Morning service was almost over. Choir and congregation had joined in singing, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," and the last notes of the great organ trembled through the gallery and nave. As the sound died away, the members of the congregation bowed their heads in reverent silence, awaiting the benediction. The spirit of the Sabbath pervaded the consecrated edifice, and there was a solemn, expectant hush. It was broken by the voice of the pastor. He said:

"There will be a chicken-pie supper at the church parlors next Thursday evening, from eight to nine o'clock.

"'And now may the blessing,'" etc.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

WILFRED.—Mama, were n't horns put on the cow for some purpose?

MAMA.—Of course they were.

WILFRED.—Then I 'd like to know why some cows don't have horns at all!

WANTED TO BE IN EVIDENCE.

MRS. DURFEE.—I heard your daughter Ann was going on the stage.

MRS. O'TOOLE.—She were going an, but they refuged to put her photygraft in the lobby of the theayter; and now she 's sold it to a man what makes cigareets.

IN AT THE DEATH—The Heirs.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

MR. HARDPUSHED.—What in thunder 's all this bill for dress materials—forty-five dollars and seventeen cents? I thought you were wearing last Winter's dress, which you made over yourself—and it only cost twenty dollars when it was new.

MRS. HARDPUSHED.—So I am, John; and I don't understand how it came to so much—for I made it over exactly according to the directions in the "Answers to Correspondents" column of the *Housewife's Helpmeet*.

A DELICATE SITUATION.

REGGY WESTEND.—How do things stand between you and that little Chatfield girl?

DICKY DOUBTFUL.—I 'm in a wegulah dilemmah! If she wefuses me, I 'll want her awfully bad; and if she accepts me I know I 'll wish I was out of it!

WHAT SHE DID.

HUSBAND *(who married money)*.—You have made me a poor wife.

WIFE.—That may be true; but I made you a rich husband.

NEVER AGAIN.

CLARA.—And so you have at last brought Harry Goodcatch to your feet?

MAUDE.—Yes; but I 'm afraid it 's for the last time. I accepted him!

BOTH WERE TURNED OFF.

MRS. BLEECKER.—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you?

THE NEW DOMESTIC JEWEL.—Yis, mum; can't yez shmell it?

A SPICE OF WICKEDNESS—Cloves.

SHIP MATES—Twin Screws.

IN THE STREET DEPARTMENT.

INSPECTOR.— Healy, did you take the gang to Mulberry Street, yesterday, as I told you?

HEALY.— Sor?

INSPECTOR.— Did you set the gang to work on Mulberry Street, yesterday?

HEALY.— A — what shtreet, sor?

INSPECTOR.— Mulberry Street.

HEALY.—Whin, sor?

INSPECTOR.— Yesterday.

HEALY.— A — A — yestherdah, is it? Did I take the gang yestherdah to Mulberry Shtreet — to clane it, do ye mane?

INSPECTOR *(disgustedly)*. — Oh, no! To lay down velvet carpets, and sprinkle it with cologne. Man alive! why can't you tell me whether you cleaned Mulberry Street, yesterday, or not?

HEALY.— Yis, sor — yis, sor! I give ye me wur-r-rd, sor —

INSPECTOR.— Very well.

HEALY *(sotto voce, leaving desk)*.— That I 'll set thim to wur-r-rk at it the first t'ing in the marnin'.

A SIGN.

HENRY'S FATHER *(as he comes downstairs at 7:30 A. M.)*. — I 'll bet Henry won't want any breakfast *this* morning.

A CAUTIOUS BOY.

C. PARKE WEST.— I don't think the ice on the pond is safe.

DICK WEST.— Yes, it is; I looked in all the holes, and there was n't a boy in any of 'em.

IN ABOUT FORTY YEARS.

When the young man of to-day has become the oldest inhabitant, he will tell yarns of how during the winter of 1892—'93 the public made daily excursions to Coney Island on ice-boats and skates.

IMPROVING HIS OPPORTUNITY.

MISS MYNDERT *(intensely)*.— Mr. Gallus, are you a lover of the beautiful, the true and the good?

MR. GALLUS.— Certainly, I am, Miss Myndert. I love you!

(Engagement announced next day.)

AN ELECTION HAT.

READSIT.— We don't read anything more about that hat of President Harrison's.

SAYSIT.— No; he lost it on the election.

ANNOYING INTERFERENCE.

THE MUSICIAN.— Maria, sent dot child out ouf der room. It vos a pity I can't bractise mine part in der new obera in peace mit quietness.

THE BASIS OF HIS PRIDE.

"What makes Kilduff hold his head so high, to-day? Has some one left him a big fortune?"

"That 's not it. His thermometer registered ten degrees lower than any other in town."

UNSERVICEABLE.

JACK POTTS.— I hear that you made a lot of good resolutions to start off the New Year with.

TURNER VAN NEWLEAF.— No; they were no good. They did n't last me a week.

WIDOWS, GRAVE AND GAY.

The observer who heeds
What goes on the world over
Will see widows in weeds,
And grass-widows in clover.

John Ludlow.

OUTDONE BY AN INFANT.

PROSPECTIVE LODGER.— A tenth floor room and no fire escape? Why, Madame, suppose there were a fire, I certainly could n't jump out *that* window!

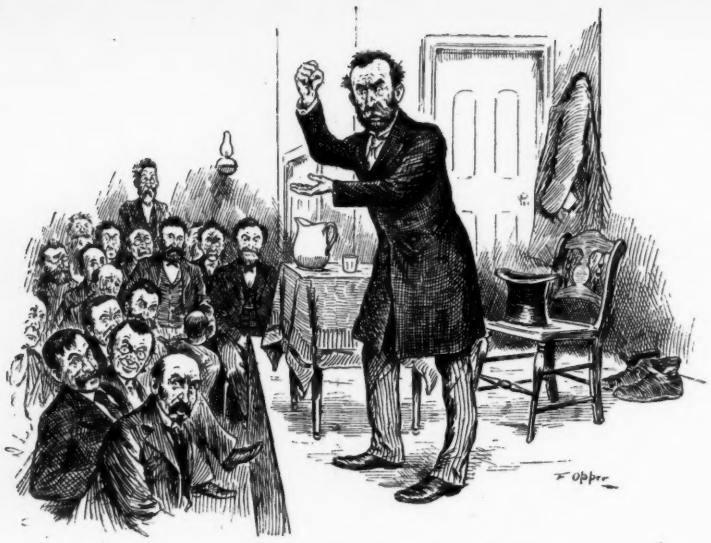
LANDLADY *(in disgust)*.— You should be ashamed to say so, I 'm sure. Why, the family that occupied this room before, had a child only two years old that jumped out.

CAL.
OREGON
MR. MAINE
NEW YORK
MRS. MASSACHUSETTS
IOWA
MRS. OHIO
MRS. ILLINOIS
Halrymple.

WHAT! —— ANOT

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Pearl Building, N.Y.

— ANOTHER ONE?



ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT.

LECTURER.—I ask you, my friends, what chance has the plain wage-earner, the man of modest income, in the great struggle for wealth? Can he live in luxury, can he clip coupons, can he buy whole blocks of houses?

VOICE.—Not unless he 's a Police Captain!

A LIGHT THAT FAILED.

IN A POPULOUS African village, far in the interior of that dark land, there occurred recently that which might have proved of grave moment to certain of us.

This village, being off the track of explorers and white men generally, its inhabitants still retained their pristine artlessness. They were kindly, simple and frugal, puissant in war with hostile tribes, and zealous in worship of the sun, which was their God. Indeed, they were bigoted on this last point, and were usually embroiled with the tribe on the East, who worshiped the moon, and with the tribe on the West, who deified the stars.

On a morning, the King, as was his custom, issued from his cane palace and seated himself under a canopy of palms to listen to suggestions from his subjects pertaining to the spiritual and secular welfare of the community. Among others who drew near this morning was the High Priest of the tribe, who, by reason of his eminence, was accorded immediate audience with the king. Salutations being made, he spoke at once to the point.

"O King! I have heard the following strange thing from a white man who had lost his companions and wandered alone in the forest. In a land far from this there lives a tribe called 'Presbyterians' whose religion is barbarous beyond belief. They have a Hell, the portals of which are as wide as the land itself, and he who enters there, even by reason of having lost his way, must burn eternally in a fierce fire. Not only this, but infants dying are sent there without reserve, because their God has ordained it. And it is known in the beginning who shall burn and who shall enter Paradise, so that a man's personal efforts are of no avail. Your Majesty knows that we occasionally burn infants in the way of sacrificial tribute to our God; but their sufferings are only momentary, and then they are in Paradise forever. With these poor, benighted wretches, infants receive every care in this life, and are burned eternally in the next.

"Lately, some of their Priests seem to have had gleams of a higher intelligence, for they have dared to impugn, by inference, the soundness of the doctrines which they preach. Such men are naturally looked upon with loathing by other members of the tribe, and are tried for their crime, which is called 'heresy.'

"Now, O King! I humbly beseech the royal permission to go to these barbarians with a small but earnest band of my brother priests, to establish missions amongst them. We would call ourselves 'The Society for the Propagation of Presbyterian Heresy.' I feel that we could induce them to adopt our humane custom of burning infants in this world instead of eternally in the next."

"Truly, yours is a noble aim," replied the King; "and in your work you would have the help of those who have lately been declared heretics."

The Priest paused a moment in embarrassment, then said:

"Alas! Your Majesty; these men proved themselves innocent of the crime."

"Monstrous! But what was the word of their Master on this point?"

"Their Master seems to have been a good man but no theologian. They are far away from his teachings. I think that their creed would have disturbed him grievously. I procured a copy of it from the stranger, and have it here, translated in our tongue."

"Let me see it." The King read the document aloud, amidst expressions of horror from the assembled savages.

"No," he said at the conclusion; "you and your brothers could do nothing with such people. If you went there they might call you savages and try to convert you to their faith. If you desire to do missionary work, you will find enough to keep you busy right here in your own village. However, your investigations shall not be without result.

"The death penalty in this kingdom is hereby abolished. Instead, anyone convicted of a capital crime shall be made to fully subscribe to this creed and to drag out a miserable existence as a Presbyterian."

And above the loud groans of the natives could be heard the stern voice of the king ordering six infants to be sacrificed as a token of gratitude that he and his people had not been been born under the black ban of such a religion.

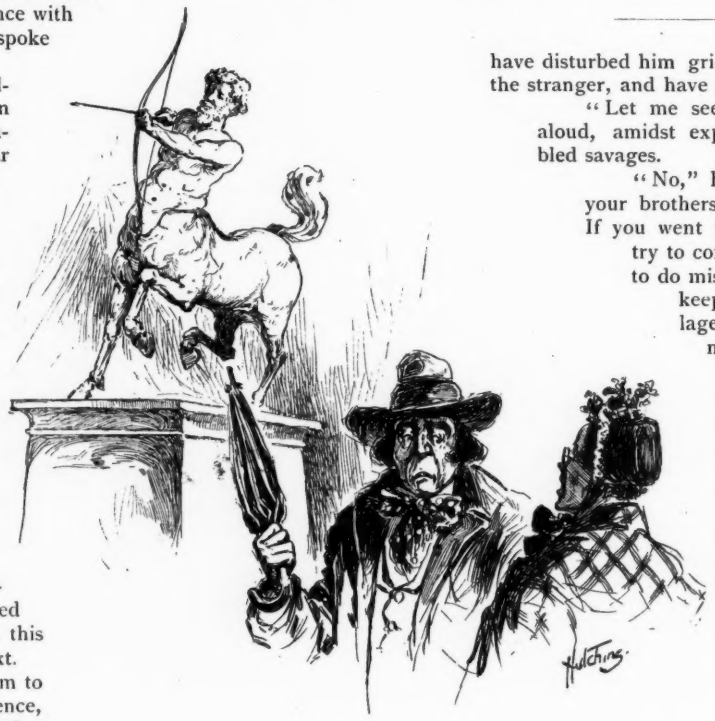
H. L. Wilson.

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

HOUSTON.—Congratulate me, old man. I was married yesterday —Mrs. Morely.

BLEECKER.—*Mrs. Morely!* Why, her third husband has just died.

HOUSTON.—Well, you don't suppose I would have married her if he had n't died, do you?



AN OSSIFIED MAN.

MRS. FARWEST.—Now, I wonder what that can be?

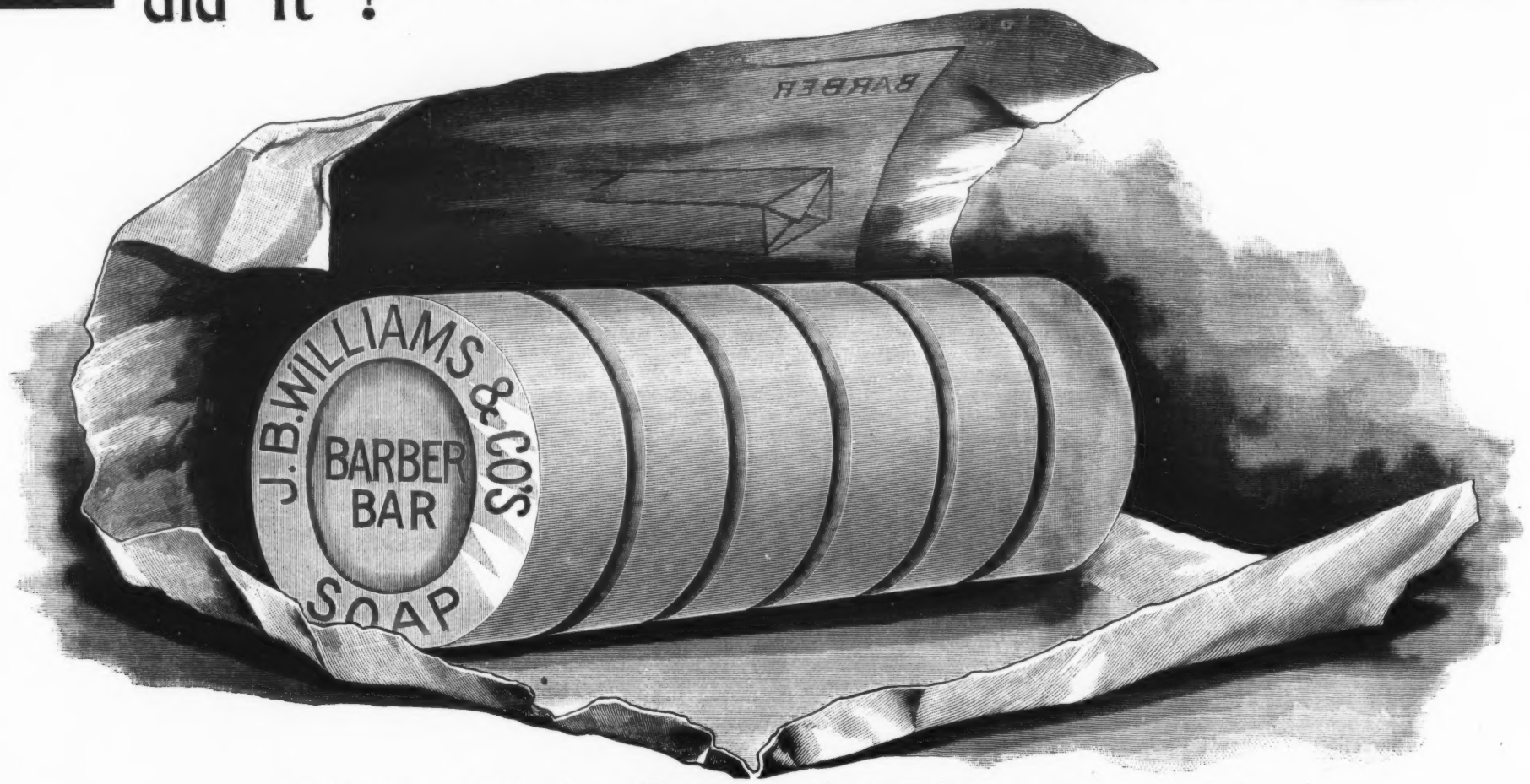
MR. FARWEST.—Don't show your ignorance, Tilly; that 's one of them Horseyfied men you hear about.

A JURY TRIAL — Listening to the Lawyers.

OTHER GARMENTS influence a woman, but it is her hat that dominates her.

—— did it ?

Did it ever occur to you that **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP** *must* be good for **TOILET USE ?**



Full size — open — pound package — **WILLIAMS'** famous **BARBERS' SOAP** — 6 cakes — to the pound.

Sold at all good Drug stores and at Barber Shops — 40 cents per Package — .
A positive cure for chapped hands and rough — frosted skin of hands or face.

Women who try it—

— say that nothing is so like *cream* — so softening — so refreshing to the skin as this wonderful WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP — . It is *made to heal.* That 's why 9/10ths of all the good BARBERS in the world use it on the tender — sensitive skin of the faces of their customers. It is *more* than healing — it is *antiseptic,* also. Now *if* — it does so much for the *face* — why not for the *rest* of the body! — Arms — neck — hands, entire body — ? Why not be soft — cool and fresh of skin *all over?*

No quackery about WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP — . It 's what it *claims* to be — the mildest — gentlest and purest of soaps — cream-like in quality — and wonderfully healing and refreshing. Nothing *more* — nothing *less.*

You can easily prove it. If you cannot conveniently obtain it at a Drugstore, or Barber Shop, mail a full pound package — 6 full size cakes — for 40 cents — in stamps or currency — address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY — GLASTONBURY, CT.
(Established Half a Hundred Years)
Makers of the famous "Yankee" Shaving Soap.

A WORD TO THE WISE. 622

CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS,

who fear the phenomenal success of

Van Houten's Cocoa

in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of
Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London. Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*

This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—

"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible.

"The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and can not possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA *is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.* A

AWFUL POSSIBILITY.

BABY.—A-bwa, a-bwa, a-bwa.

MOTHER.—Boire, boire; what can Charles Augustus mean?

FATHER.—He's going to be a toper, Angeline. Boire is French for drink.

MOTHER *(anxiously)*.—Oh, would n't it be dreadful if Charles should turn out to be a French baby, and we could n't understand a word he said?—*Quips.*

To the admirer of an extra dry wine, *Cook's Sparkling Imperial* recommends itself. Its bouquet is fine. It 's naturally fermented.

When an Artist writes a "testimonial" for a Piano, he probably means what he says; the instrument may "please" him or his fancy. But does he *know* that the instrument really *is* what he thinks it is?

When an honest manufacturer who *knows* every detail about a Piano, after every honest effort to make it so, concludes that his is the **BEST,** he will be believed. The *best* Piano is the

139-155 E. 14th St., New York.
Wabash Ave. and Jackson Street, Chicago.
308-314 Post Street, San Francisco.

SOHMER

Evening Dress Suits to Measure From $30.00 up. Broadcloth or Twilled Worsted. Silk or Satin lined thro' as you like it.

771 Broadway, N. W. Cor. 9th Street. **Nicoll** The Tailor 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

Samples and self-measure rules forwarded.

EDEN MUSÉE, 23d Street, near Broadway

THE WORLD IN WAX.
First Appearance in America of
Princess Lily Dolgorouki,
Violinist to the Empress of Russia.
Marie Selika,
The Original Brown Patti.
Gulbai and Greville,
in Mystifying Psychonotism.
Ando and Onne,
The Japanese Wonder.
Danko Gabor's Gipsy Band.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

YALE MIXTURE *It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy.* **SMOKING TOBACCO**

THE **KODAK** AT THE **North Pole.**

2,000 Pictures MADE BY **Lieut. Peary Among Greenland's Icy Mountains.**

The Explorer Endorses the Kodak.

"My pictures were 'all taken with a Kodak' and I regard the Kodak as responsible for my having obtained a series of pictures which in quality and quantity exceed any that have been brought back from Greenland and the Smith Sound region."

R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
Send for Kodak Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

HUMPING DELIGHT

it may be to the scorcher—I prefer to sit upright. That 's a good point in RAMBLER Bicycles, they 're made both ways—and always comfortable.

Handsome Rambler Catalogue free.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

THE LITERARY ART MARKET.

FIRST POET.—How are you making out, these days?

SECOND POET.—Immense! Last week I sold four "Pastels In Prose," two "Aquarelles In Rhyme," and three "Etchings In Poetry;" and I 'm at work now on an "Oil Painting In Blank Verse!"

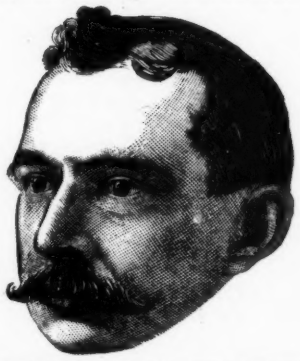
WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
FOR THE
SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. **Sold by druggists, grocers and dry goods dealers, or sent by mail, 3 cakes for $1.00.**

WOODBURY'S ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICKS AND BARS.

Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your barber using it when shaving you.

Sticks, 25c.; Barbers' Bars, 15c., 2 for 25c.



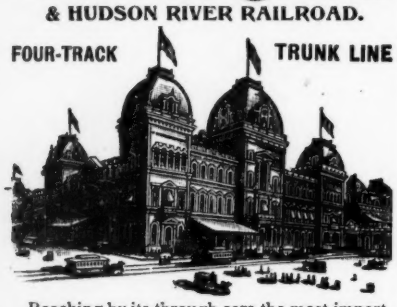
A sample Cake of Facial Soap and a **150** page book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10 cents;** also disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, - - New York City.
CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE



Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, center of hotel and residence section, and the only Railroad Station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series" send a two-cent stamp to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Anheuser-Busch BREWING ASSOCIATION, ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.,

BREWERS AND SOLE OWNERS OF THE
BUDWEISER BEER BRAND.

Do not be deceived by "Budweiser" brands that do not have the label of the **Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association.** Imitations are numerous, but none will compare with the genuine and original "Budweiser," which is recognized as the best bottle beer in the market. Made of the choicest Barley, and finest Bohemian Hops, backed by unlimited business efforts and capital, it has since its introduction—1875—gained a reputation extending far beyond the boundary of the Union.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH MOTTO IS: 708

"NOT HOW CHEAP, BUT HOW GOOD."

NEW YORK DEPOT, O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD ST.

CLARKE'S PURE RYE ABSOLUTELY PURE. The purity—age and elegant bouquet of **Clarke's Pure Rye** has won for it the title—

The Finest Whiskey In the World

and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price: per Bottle, $1.50; per Doz. $12.00; per Gal. $4; per 2 gal. $5.50; securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or **COLBURN, BIRKS & CO.,** Sole Agents, 23 Ash St., **Peoria, Ill.**

TOUCHES THE SPOT

WOOD'S Penetrating PLASTER

Wood's Penetrating Plaster is a distinct step forward; a decided improvement upon common porous plasters. It removes the fatty matter in the pores, enabling the painkiller to rapidly penetrate and **Stop the Ache.** Unrivaled remedy for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Etc, Price 25 cts. Sold by all first-class druggists, or mailed by
Worth taking Trouble to Get. JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 92 William Street, New York.

For

Chapping,

Itching, Dandruff,

Bad Complexion,

and Odors from Perspiration,

use that delightful balsamic cleanser and Antiseptic,

Packer's Tar Soap

AMERICAN

Club House Cheese

DELICIOUS, APPETIZING, TEMPTING.

A soft, rich cheese, put up in hermetically sealed glass jars.

If your grocer does not keep it send 14 cts. in stamps and a miniature jar will be mailed to any address.

A full size jar will be expressed to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO.,
Manufacturers, CLEVELAND, O.

KRANICH & BACH

PIANOS.

Warerooms: 235 and 239 E. 23d St., N. Y. 16 West 125th St., N. Y.

OWING TO THE GREAT DEMAND FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS, WE HAVE ERECTED A VERY LARGE ADDITION TO OUR FACTORY WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO MAKE 50 PIANOS PER WEEK.

THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE UNEXCELLED AND ARE SOLD

AT MODERATE PRICES.

SOLD ON INSTALMENTS AND RENTED.

IF YOU ARE A Pipe Smoker

WE WANT YOU to try **Golden Sceptre;** all the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost **PERFECTION.** We will send on receipt of **10c.,** a sample to any address. **SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N.Y. City.**

Prices Golden Sceptre: 1 lb., $1.20, ½ lb. 65c., ¼ lb. 35c. 1 cent extra per ounce for mailing. [Catalogue Free.]

THE FLORIDA HOME SEEKER

Tells of cheapest routes, hotel board.
Where to locate for health and profit.
Where to buy homes on $1 and up; monthly payments.
Three months for 10 cents. Sample free.
THE FLORIDA DEVELOPMENT CO.,
696* 99 FRANKLIN ST., N. Y., ROOM 18.

THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH

at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for $1. Powdered form.
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,
295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Back-Numbers of PUCK'S LIBRARY are never "out of print."

A GIVEAWAY.

JAKELEY.—You 'll have to stop this fast life. It 's telling on you.

RAKELEY. — Is it? I hope it 's not telling my wife.—*Truth.*

MARSTON. — I did n't notice the impediment in Carson's speech that you spoke of.

BENTON.— No; his wife is away visiting at present.—*Inter Ocean.*

"WHAT makes you wait for the change before you select your gloves?"

"Because there may be some new style before it gets back."—*Inter Ocean.*

SHE WAS WILLING TO TRY.

FOND PARENT *(wishing to console his widowed daughter).*—No wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal.

AFFLICTED ONE.—I doubt if I—I can; but I 'll do my best.—*Smith & Gray's Monthly.*

THE GRAND MEDAL

Already Awarded to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association by the Selection of Its Beer for the World's Fair.

COMPETITORS DISTANCED.

From POST-DISPATCH, January 13, 1893.

Honor upon honor, each time with added glory, seems to be the grand fortune of the city of St. Louis. Another chapter is to be appended to its brilliant record, for now the gratifying information comes that the famous Anheuser-Busch Beer will hold the post of honor at the World's Fair, it having been decreed so this week. The edict is by authority of the Fair directors, and the same has been communicated to President Adolphus Busch of the Brewing Association, through President Ernest Sadler of the Columbian Casino Restaurant at the World's Fair grounds. Not only is this beer selected as against competition from Milwaukee, Toledo, St. Louis, New York, Chicago and elsewhere, but the endorsement of superior quality is supplemented in a very substantial way by an agreement to pay $2 a barrel more for the Anheuser-Busch beer than for the next highest priced beer competing. Such a recognition, although expected by Mr. Busch, must awaken the world's readers to the oft-repeated fact that St. Louis has the best brewer and the best beer; and it must further appear, by the $2 excess price allowed, that all competitors of the Anheuser-Busch Company have been distanced. The official letter of notification is a merited recognition of the famous beverage. It says:

"In placing this contract we prefer that a deal be made with the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. It is the intention of the company to make the Casino the most complete, most perfect, and the highest grade restaurant ever operated on this continent. For this reason the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Company is preferred."

It is with well-earned pride that the Anheuser-Busch people can refer to their lofty business position in this contest; theirs was a battle of quality, not quality and price, nor of price alone. Upon the quality of their beer they would win or lose, and merit won. The official contract papers have arrived for signature, and accompanying them is the letter of notification from which the above quotation is made.

MIGHT TRY IT.

MRS. BINKS.—Do you believe that story about a young woman swallowing a razor?

MR. BINKS. — Well, I dunno. Perhaps some one told her that razors were good for the complexion.—*New York Weekly.*

WORSE YET.

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying."

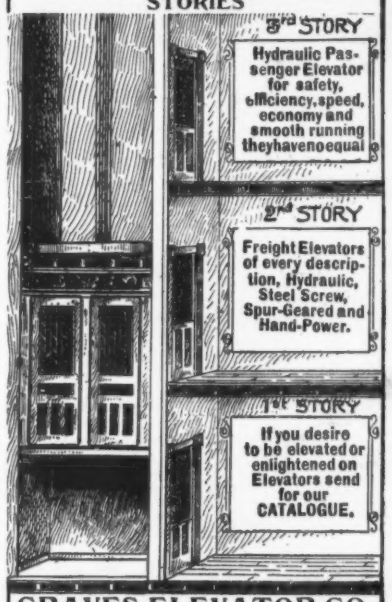
"Why, my dear, I am all ears."

"I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."—*Quips.*

MR. GAFFNEY. — Jerusalem! I guess the soup I ordered won't get here to-day.

MRS. GAFFNEY. — Do have some reason, Joel. Remember, it was turtle soup you ordered. — *Inter Ocean.*

GRAVES ELEVATING STORIES



GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.
709 ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Offices: New York: 92-94 Liberty St. Boston: 53 State Street. Detroit: Hodges Building. Atlanta, Ga.: Inman B'ld'g.

A modern instance

of fine brains and fine machinery getting together to produce the unexpected—is found in the new, **quick-winding Waterbury,** a watch with the best features of a high-cost timepiece, yet at only a fraction of the price.

It has a remarkably close adjustment and jeweled bearings—which make it an accurate time-keeper; while taste, elegance and genuineness are combined in its outward appearance.

It is handsome enough for Sunday and cheap enough for weekdays. May save banging your Sunday watch. Any jeweler will show you many styles of the new, **quick-winding** Waterbury. $4 to $15. 29

AN ARTFUL ARTIST.

MISS DE MUIR.—I've been sitting to-day for D'Auber, the portrait painter.
MISS DE MENOR.—He once painted me a fan.
MISS DE MUIR.—His work is broader, now.
MISS DE MENOR.—It was pretty broad, then; the fan caused most of the blushes that it hid.

Salvation Oil the greatest cure on earth for pain, is universally accepted by horsemen and veterinarians as the ne plus ultra of liniments.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
LEADING WINTER RESORT.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid,* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

MY SWEETHEART'S THE MAN IN THE MOON and **150** latest Songs all for **10 cts.** H. J. WEHMAN, 132 Park Row, N. Y.

No. 4711.

EAU DE COLOGNE

Undoubtedly the **finest and most refreshing** perfume. Imported into the United States for over fifty years.

U. S. AGENTS,

MÜLHENS & KROPFF,
NEW YORK.

Liebig COMPANY'S

Extract of Beef.

Do you want a cup of BEEF TEA? See that it is made from the GENUINE. Incomparably the best. Pure, palatable, refreshing. Dissolves clearly.

See Baron Liebig's signature in blue on each label, thus: *J. v. Liebig*

WHEN no one is bothering him, how beautifully a man counsels peace!—*Atchison Globe.*

The Latest Number of PUCK'S LIBRARY, which is out to-day, (10 cents, all Newsdealers,) is entitled "LONELYVILLE," and it contains PUCK'S Best Things About the Suburbs and Their Interesting Inhabitants. The previous issue of PUCK'S LIBRARY was called "CASH," Being PUCK'S Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders. *Do not miss either.*

Chocolat Menier is the beverage of beverages for every one who wishes to keep the brain fresh and vigorous. Pure chocolate unites in a perfect form all the qualities for a healthy and strengthening liquid food, and contrary to the popular supposition, (founded on the use of impure matter sold as chocolate,) it is the *Remedy par excellence for* **Dyspepsia.**—A cup of the CHOCOLAT MENIER immediately after eating will produce digestion in three hours. It is recommended to every brain worker in place of using that which only stimulates without strengthening.

COCOA and CHOCOLATE can no more be compared with each other than

Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream.

CHOCOLAT MENIER offers what the most particular epicures seek and all medical men desire: a wholesome, agreeable food of a decided renovating power.

A sample of this incomparable chocolate—CHOCOLAT MENIER—will be sent to any address if you name this publication. Grocers also are invited to forward lists of their customers to be supplied with samples.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS
SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N.Y.

MENIER, Union Sq., New York.

BETTON'S PILE SALVE.

An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Druggists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,
BALTIMORE, Md. 639

VICTOR BICYCLES

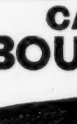
FIRST IN TIRES AND IMPROVEMENTS

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
SPECIAL AGENTS,
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA

MAGIC LANTERNS

And **STEREOPTICONS**, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS**, etc. ☞ *A profitable business for a man with small capital.* Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 236 page Catalogue *free*
McALLISTER, Optician, **49 Nassau St., N. Y**

A HAIR GROWER. Prof. Dyke's Elixir produced a heavy mustache on my smooth face in 4 weeks. It restored the hair on my head when I was perfectly bald. The only remedy. 5000 similar letters.



FREE TO ANYBODY. We mail a $1 size outfit Prof. Dyke's Elixir free, with directions to use, all complete. Pay either sex, anyone, $6 day year round. Gold watch free. Send us 20c in stamps or silver, to insure safe delivery. Box N. **Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ill.**

THOSE French duelists were so angry that each positively refused to take a "ball" with the other.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

UNIQUE CALENDARS.

Among the out-of-the-regular-order calendars for this season that issued by the Williams' Shaving Soap Company is one of the most unique. It represents an old-time English shaving-shop back in the 'forties—a caricature by the famous English artist, Theodore Lane. These calendars have been mailed to all the barbers in the United States. The Williams Company have a few of these left, which will be mailed to anyone desiring them upon receipt of five cents in stamps to cover postage and mailing. Address, The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.

THE iceman is a happy individual. You can't have it too hot in Summer or too cold in Winter to suit him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Health and Comfort are Destroyed

by the use of poor smoking tobacco. The one tobacco that has held its own through all the changes of time and against all competitors is Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

A Fact

Against Time

Fears Nothing

Unchanging

Talk's Cheap

A Question

A Great Record

For You

Good Advice

WHY?

Because it's always pure, always the same, always the best. Such a record tells more than pages of "talk." It's *just as good* to-day as ever and it is *the* tobacco for *you*. If you smoke, you should smoke

Bull Durham

A trial is all we ask.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,
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MRS. SEE.—But I dreamed you did n't have your life insured.

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LITTLE SISTER.—Mama says Mr. Nexdoor is sufferin' from a complication of diseases.

LITTLE BROTHER.—I guess that 's so. I've seen three different doctors go in there this morning.—*New York Weekly.*

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WIFFERS.—Yes. What made you think so?

BLIFFERS.—He seems to be so well satisfied with the job.—*New York Weekly.*

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HE.—Do your feet ever get asleep?
SHE.—No; I'm a somnambulist.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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MORE THAN QUOTED.

BLOCKLEY.—Oh, don't be down-hearted because a girl refused you! Remember, for every Jack there is a Jill!
BLEECKER.—Yes; but this Jack has had a Jilt.

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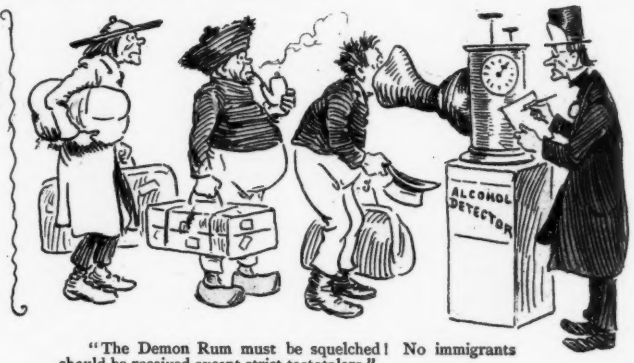

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